and burn into the ſocket; the babe no ſooner begins to breathe than it begins to die, and draw nearer to the grave, and oft the cradle rocks the harmleſs infant into the arms of death.

The cloſe of a ſummer's day with night's approach, clad in her dewy garb of deepening ſhades, remind me of Dr. Young's beautiful deſcription, in the firſt book of his ſublime and ſolemn Night Thoughts:

NIGHT, ſable Goddeſs! from her ebon throne
In rayleſs majeſty now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world:
Silence how dead! and darkneſs how profound!
Nor eye nor liſt'ning ear an object finds;
Creation ſleeps!——

It muſt be ſo, for all muſt *ſleep* as well as all muſt *die*; the Apoſtle Paul, writing to the Theſſalonians, ſays in his firſt epiſtle, iv. chap. and 13 verſe, *I would not have you, brethren, to be ignorant concerning them which are aſleep, that ye ſorrow not even as others which have no hope*; and a late poet has very happily expreſſed the ſimilarity between death and ſleep, in the following energetic lines:

Welcome ſweet Sleep, *Death*'s image! to thine arms I fly,
Pleas'd without life to live, glad without death to die.

How calm the air! how ſtill are all things round! not a breeze ſhakes the leaves, nor

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